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7.

DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE

OF THE

BUNYAN TABLEAUX.

"On thou, whom, borne on fancy's eager wing
Back to the season of life's happy spring,
I, pleased, remember, and while men'r'y yet
Holds fast her office here, can ne'er forget;
Ingenuous Dreamer, in whose well-told tale,
Sweet fiction and sweet Truth alike prevail;
Whose humorous vein, strong sense, and simple style,
May teach the gayest, make the gravest smile;
Witty, and well employed, and like thy Lord,
Speaking in parables His slighted Word;
I name thee not, lest so despised a name
Should move a sinner at thy deserved fame;
Yet even in transitory life's late day,
That mingles all my brown with sober grey,
Revere the man whose *Pilgrim* marks the road,
And guides the *Progress* of the soul to God."—COWPER.

ALBANY, N. Y.:
PRINTED BY JOEL MUNSELL,
1854.





Behold, I saw a man clothed with rags, &c.—Scene Second.

G+E

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SOME ACCOUNT OF
JOHN BUNYAN,
AUTHOR OF THE
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

JOHN BUNYAN, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, was born at Elstow, near Bedford, England, in the year 1628. The history of his early life is given in his remarkable work, "Grace Abounding." His religious experience was most extraordinary; with him, indeed, the affairs of the soul and of the heavenly world seemed to be all absorbing, and he paid but little heed either to the pleasures or to the cares and troubles of this life. The thoughts of his afflicted family, who were left unprotected during his twelve years' imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he was confined for preaching contrary to an act of Parliament, would sometimes press upon his mind, especially the case of one of his four children, who was blind,—but he was comforted by this scripture: "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me." It was during his incarceration that he wrote the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; a work which we cannot, perhaps, characterize better in a few words, than by quoting the closing lines of his "Apology:"

"Would'st thou divert thyself from melancholy?
Would'st thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Would'st thou read riddles and their explanation?
Or else be drowned in thy contemplation?
Dost thou love picking meat? or would'st thou see
A man 'neath the clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Would'st thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or would'st thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Would'st thou lose thyself and catch no harm?
And find thyself again without a charm?
Would'st thou read thyself, and read thou knowest not what,
And yet know whether thou art blest or not,
By reading the same lines? Oh! then come hither!
And lay my book, thy head, and heart together."

After a long imprisonment, he was at length set at liberty, through the instrumentality of Dr. Barlow, then Bishop of Lincoln, and other influential friends.

His valuable life, worn out with sufferings, age, and ministerial labors, was closed with a memorable act of Christian charity. He was well known under the blessed character of a peace-maker. He was therefore desired by a young gentleman in the neighborhood of Bedford, to interpose as a mediator between him and his offended father, who lived at Reading, in Berkshire: this friendly business he cheerfully undertook, and happily effected. But, in his return to London, being overtaken with excessive rain, he came to a friend's on Snow Hill, very wet, and was seized with a violent fever, the pains of which he bore with great patience, resigning himself to the will of God, desiring to be called away, that he might be with Christ, looking upon life as a delay of that blessedness to which his soul was aspiring, and after which it was thirsting. In this holy, longing frame of spirit, after a sickness of ten days, he breathed out his soul into the hands of his blessed Redeemer, August 12, 1688, aged 60 years.

His natural abilities were remarkably great; his fancy and invention uncommonly fertile. His wit was sharp and quick, his memory very good, it being customary with him to commit his sermons to writing after he had preached them. His works are collected in two volumes folio, and contain as many treatises as he lived years. His judgment was sound and deep in the essential principles of the Gospel, as his writings sufficiently evince. His piety and sincerity towards God were apparent to all who conversed with him. He constantly maintained the God-like principle of love, often bewailing that there should be so much division among Christians. He was a man of heroic courage, resolute for Christ and the Gospel, and bold in reproving sin, both in public and private; yet mild, condescending and affable to all. Thus lived and died a man in whose character, conduct, and unselfishness, that scripture was remarkably verified, "Ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise—that no flesh should glory in his presence."

CATALOGUE

TO ACCOMPANY THE

BUNYAN TABLEAUX.

PART I.

SCENE 1. BUNYAN DREAMING.—*May.*

As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where was a den, and laid me down in that place to sleep: and as I slept, I dreamed a dream.

SCENE 2. CHRISTIAN MEDITATING IN THE FIELD.—*May.*

I dreamed, and, behold, I saw a man clothed with rags standing in a certain place, with his face from his own house, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked, and saw him open the book, and read therein; and, as he read, he wept and trembled; and, not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, "What shall I do?"

SCENE 3. EVANGELIST POINTING OUT THE WICKET GATE.—*Kyle and May.*

Now I saw, upon a time, when he was walking in the fields, that he was (as he was wont) reading in his book, and greatly distressed in his mind; and as he read, he burst out, as he had done before, crying, "What shall I do to be saved?"

I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run: yet he stood still, because (as I perceived) he could not tell which way to go. I looked then and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, and he asked, Wherefore dost thou cry?

He answered, Sir, I perceive, by the book in my hand, that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment; and I find that I am not willing to do the first, nor able to do the second!

Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field. Do you see yonder wicket-gate? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto, so shalt thou see the gate: at which, when thou knockest, it shall be told thee what thou shalt do.

SCENE 4. SLOUGH OF DESPOND.—*Kyle and May.*

So I saw in my dream, that the man began to run. Now he had not run far from his own door, when his wife and children perceiving it, began to cry after him to return; but the man put his fingers in his ears, and ran on, crying, "Life! life! eternal life!" So he looked not behind him, but fled towards the middle of the plain.

The neighbors also came out to see him run: and as he run, some mocked, and others threatened, and some cried after him to return, and among those that did so, there were two that were resolved to fetch him back by force. The name of the one was Obstinate, and the other Pliable.

* * * * *

Well, neighbor Obstinate, said Pliable, I begin to come to a point; I intend to go along with this good man, and to cast in my lot with him.

* * * * *

Now I saw in my dream, that just as they had ended this talk, they drew nigh to a very miry slough, this is called the Slough of Despond.

Then said Pliable, Ah, neighbor Christian, where are you now?

Truly, said Christian, I do not know.

At that Pliable began to be offended, and angrily said to his fellow, Is this the happiness you have told me of all this while? If we have such ill speed at our first setting out, what may we expect between this and our journey's end? May I get out again with my life, you shall possess the brave country alone for me. And with that he gave a desperate struggle or two, and got out of the mire on that side of the slough which was next to his own house, so away he went, and Christian saw him no more.

Wherefore Christian was left to tumble in the Slough of Despond alone. But I beheld in my dream that a man' came to him, whose name was Help. * * Then said he, Give me thy hand; and he drew him out and set him on sound ground, and bid him go on his way.

SCENE 5. LEGALITY HILL.—*Kyle and May.* 7

Now as Christian was walking solitarily by himself, he espied one afar off come crossing over the field to meet him; and their hap was to meet just as they were crossing the way of each other. The gentleman's name that met him was Mr. Worldly Wiseman: he dwelt in the town of Carnal Policy, a very great town, and also hard by from whence Christian came. This man then, meeting with Christian, and having some inkling of him (for Christian's setting forth from the city of Destruction was much noised abroad, not only in the town where he dwelt, but also it began to be the town talk in some other places),—Mr. Worldly Wiseman, therefore, having some guess of him, by beholding his laborious going, by observing his sighs and groans, and the like, began thus to enter into some talk with Christian. * *

Now was Christian somewhat at a stand; but presently he concluded, If this be true, which this gentleman hath said, my wisest course is to take his advice; and with that he thus further spake.

Chr. Sir, which is my way to this honest man's house?

World. Do you see yonder high hill?

Chr. Yes, very well.

World. By that hill you must go, and the first house you come at is his.

So Christian turned out of his way to go to Mr. Legality's house for help; but, behold, when he was got now hard by the hill, it seemed so high, and also that side of it that was next the way-side did hang so much over, that Christian was afraid to venture further, lest the hill should fall on his head; wherefore, there he stood still, and wist not what to do. Also his burden now seemed heavier to him than while he was in his way. There came also flashes of fire out of the hill, that made Christian afraid that he should be burnt: here therefore he did sweat, and quake for fear. And now he began to be sorry that he had taken Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel; and with that he saw Evangelist coming to meet him, at the sight also of whom he began to blush for shame. So Evangelist drew nearer and nearer; and coming up to him, he looked upon him with a severe and dreadful countenance, and began to reason with Christian.

Then Christian fell down at his feet as dead, crying, Woe is me, for I am undone! At the sight of which Evangelist caught him by the right hand, saying, "All manner of sin and blasphemies shall be forgiven unto men." "Be not faithless, but believing." Then did Christian again a little revive, and stood up trembling, as at first, before Evangelist.

SCENE 6. CHRISTIAN AT THE WICKET-GATE.—*May.*

Then did Christian address himself to go back; and Evangelist, after he had kissed him, gave him one smile, and bid him God speed. So he went on with haste, neither spake he to any man by the way; nor if any man asked him, would he vouchsafe them an answer. He went like one that was all the while treading on forbidden ground, and could by no means think himself safe till again he was got into the way which he had left to follow Mr. Worldly Wiseman's counsel. So in process of time Christian got up to the gate. Now over the gate there was written, "knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

SCENE 7. THE INTERPRETER'S HOUSE.—*Kyle.*

Then he went on till he came at the house of the Interpreter, where he knocked over and over. At last one came to the door, and asked who was there.

Chr.—Sir, here is a traveler, who was bid by an acquaintance of the good man of this house to call here for my profit; I would therefore speak with the master of the house.

So he called for the master of the house, who, after a little time came to Christian, and asked him what he would have.

SCENE 8. INTERPRETER SHOWING CHRISTIAN THE WONDERS OF HIS HOUSE.—*May.*

I saw, also, that the Interpreter took him again by the hand, and led him into a pleasant place, where was built a stately palace, beautiful to behold, at the sight of which Christian was greatly delighted; he saw, also, upon the top thereof, certain persons walking, who were clothed all in gold.

Then said Christian, may we go in thither?

Then the Interpreter took him, and led him up toward the door of the palace: and behold, at the door stood a great company of men, as desirous to go in, but durst not. There also sat a man at a little distance from the door, at a table-side, with a book and his ink-horn before him, to take the names of them that should enter therein; he saw also that in the door-way stood many men in armor to keep it, being resolved to do to the men that would enter what hurt and mischief they could. Now was Christian somewhat in amaze. At last, when every man started back for fear of the armed men, Christian saw a man of a very stout countenance come up to the man that sat there to write, saying, set down my name, sir; the which when he had done, he saw the man draw his sword, and put a helmet upon his head, and rush towards the door upon the armed men, who laid upon him with deadly force; but the man, not at all discouraged, fell to cutting and hacking most fiercely. So after he had received and given many wounds to those that attempted to keep him out, he cut his way through them all, and pressed forward into the palace; at which there was a pleasant voice heard from those that were within, even those that walked upon the top of the palace, saying:

"Come in, come in;
Eternal glory thou shalt win."

So he went in, and was clothed with such garments as they.

SCENE 9. CHRISTIAN AT THE CROSS—*May.*

He ran thus till he came at a place somewhat ascending; and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below, in the bottom, a sepulchre. So I saw in my dreams, that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from off his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do, till it came to the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more.

Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said with a merry heart, He hath given me rest by his sorrow, and life by His death. Then he stood still awhile to look and wonder, for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden. He looked, therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the waters down his cheeks. Now as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with, "peace be to thee;" so the first said to him, "thy sins be forgiven, thee;" the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark on his forehead, and gave him a roll with a seal upon it, which he bid him look on as he

ran, and that he should give it in at the celestial gate; as they went their way. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing:

"Thus far did I come laden with my sin,
Nor could aught ease the grief that I was in,
Till I came hither; what a place is this?
Must here be the beginning of my bliss?
Must here the burden fall from off my back?
Must here the strings that bound it to me crack?
Blest cross! blest sepulchre! blest rather be
The man that there was put to shame for me!"

SCENE 10. HILL DIFFICULTY—*Kyle.*

The narrow way lay right up the hill, and the name of the going up the side of the hill is called Difficulty. Christian now went to the spring, and drank thereof to refresh himself, and then he began to go up the hill, saying:

"The hill, though high, I covet to ascend;
The difficulty will not me offend;
For I perceive the way to life lies here;
Come, pluck up, heart, let's neither faint nor fear.
Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe."

I looked then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, where I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place.

SCENE 11. THE ARBOR—*May.*

Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbor made by the lord of the hill, for the refreshment of weary travelers. Thither, therefore, Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him; then he pulled his roll out of his bosom, and read therein to his comfort; he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given to him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself awhile, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night; and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now, as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awaked him, saying, "go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise." And with that, Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

SCENE 12. PALACE BEAUTIFUL—*May.*

Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again, these beasts range in the night for their prey; and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces? Thus he went on his way. But while he was bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lift up his eyes and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood by the highway-side.

So I saw in my dream, that he made haste, and went forward, that if possible he might get lodging there. Now before he had gone far, he entered into a very narrow passage, which was about a furlong off of the porter's lodge; and looking very narrowly before him as he went, he espied two lions in the way. Now, thought he, I see the dangers that Mistrust and Timorous were driven back by. (The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.) Then he was afraid, and thought also himself to go back after them, for he thought nothing but death was before him. But the Porter at the lodge, whose name is Watchful, perceiving that Christian made a halt as if he would go back, cried unto him, saying, is thy strength so small? Fear not the lions, for they are chained, and are placed there for trial of faith where it is; and for discovery of those that have none; keep in the midst of the path, and no hurt shall come unto thee.

SCENE 13. INTERIOR OF PALACE BEAUTIFUL—*May.*

In the morning they all got up; and, after some more discourse they told him that he should not depart till they had shown him the rarities of that place. And first they had him into the study, where they showed him records of the greatest antiquity; in which, as I remember my dream, they showed him the pedigree of the Lord of the hill, that he was the Son of the Ancient of days, and came by an eternal generation. Here also were more fully recorded the acts that he had done, and the names of many hundreds that he had taken into his service; and how he had placed them in such habitations, that could neither by length of days, nor decays of nature, be dissolved.

SCENE 14. VIRGINS POINTING OUT THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.
May.

When the morning was up, they had him to the top of the house, and bid him look south; so he did: and beheld at a great distance, he saw a most pleasant, mountainous country, beautified with woods, vineyards, fruits of all sorts, flowers also, with springs and fountains very delectable to behold. Then he asked the name of the country. They said it was Immanuel's Land: and it is as common, said they, as this hill is, to and for all the pilgrims. And when thou comest there, from thence thou mayest see to the gate of the celestial city, as the shepherds that live there will make appear.

SCENE 15. ARMING OF CHRISTIAN—*Dallas.*

Now he bethought himself of setting forward, and they were willing he should. But first, said they, let us go again into the armory. So they did: and when he came there, they harnessed him from head to foot, with what was of proof, lest perhaps he should meet with assaults in the way. * * *

SCENE 16. THE SISTERS ACCOMPANY HIM TO THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION—*Dallas and Kyle.*

Then he began to go forward; but Discretion, Piety, Charity, and Prudence would accompany him down to the foot of the hill. So they went on together, reiterating their former discourses, till they came to go down the hill. Then said Christian, as it was difficult coming up, so, so far as I can see, it is dangerous going down. Yes, said Prudence, so it is; for it is a hard matter for a man to go down into the Valley of Humiliation, as thou art now, and to catch no slip by the way; therefore, said they, we are come out to accompany thee down the hill. So he began to go down, but very warily, yet he caught a slip or two. Then I saw in my dream, that these good companions, when Christian was got down to the bottom of the hill, gave him a loaf of bread, a bottle of wine, and a cluster of raisins; and then he went on his way.

Whilst Christian is among his godly friends,
Their golden mouths make him sufficient mends
For all his griefs; and when they let him go,
He's clad with northern steel from top to toe.

SCENE 17.—FIGHT WITH APOLLYON—*May.*

But now in this Valley of Humiliation, poor Christian was hard put to it; for he had gone but a little way, before he espied a foul fiend coming over the field to meet him; his name was Apollyon. Then did Christian begin to be afraid, and to cast in his mind whether to go back or stand his ground. But he considered again, that he had no armor for his back, and therefore thought that to turn the back to him might give him greater advantage, with ease to pierce him with his darts, therefore he resolved to venture and stand his ground; for, thought he, had I no more in my eye than the saving of my life, it would be the best way to stand.

So he went on, and Apollyon met him. Now the monster was hideous to behold: he was clothed with scales like a fish, and they are his pride; he had wings like a dragon, feet like a bear, and out of his belly came fire and smoke, and his mouth was as the mouth of a lion. When he was come up to Christian, he beheld him with a disdainful countenance, and thus began to question him, &c.

Then Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way, and said, I am void of fear in this matter.

Prepare thyself to die; for I swear by my infernal den that thou shalt go no farther; here will I spill thy soul. And with that he threw a flaming dart at his breast; but Christian had a shield in his hand, with which he caught it, and so prevented the danger of that.

Then did Christian draw, for he saw it was time to bestir him; and Apollyon as fast made at him, throwing darts as thick as hail; by the which, notwithstanding all that Christian could do to avoid it, Apollyon wounded him in his head, his hand, and foot. This made Christian give a little back; Apollyon, therefore, followed his work amain, and Christian again took courage, and resisted as manfully as he could. This sore combat lasted for above half a day, even until Christian was almost quite spent; for you must know that Christian, by reason of his wounds, must needs grow weaker and weaker.

Then Apollyon, espying his opportunity, began to gather up close to Christian, and wrestling with him, gave him a dreadful fall; and with that Christian's sword flew out of his hand. Then said Apollyon, I am sure of thee now; and with that he had almost pressed him to death, so that Christian began to despair of life. But, as God would have it, while Apollyon was fetching his last blow, thereby to make a full end of this good man, Christian nimbly reached out his hand for his sword, and caught it, saying, rejoice not against me, O mine enemy! when I fall, I shall arise, and with that gave him a deadly thrust, which made

him give back, as one that had received his mortal wound. Christian, perceiving that, made at him again, saying, nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. And, with that, Apollyon spread forth his dragon's wings, and sped him away, that Christian saw him no more.

Great Beelzebub, the captain of this fiend,
Designed my ruin; therefore to this end
He sent him harnessed out; and he with rage
That hellish was, did fiercely me engage:
But blessed Michael helped me, and I,
By dint of sword, did quickly make him fly:
Therefore to him, let me give lasting praise,
And thank and bless his holy name always.

SCENE 18.—CHRISTIAN REPOSING AFTER THE COMBAT—*Kyle.*

Then there came to him a hand with some of the leaves of the tree of life, the which Christian took and applied to the wounds that he had received in the battle, and was healed immediately. He also sat down in that place to eat bread, and to drink of the bottle that was given him a little before: so being refreshed, he addressed himself to his journey, with his sword drawn in his hand; for, he said, I know not but some other enemy may be at hand. But he met with no other affront from Apollyon quite through this valley.

SCENE 19.—CHRISTIAN PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH—*Kyle and Selous.*

Now at the end of this valley was another, called the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Christian must needs go through it, because the way to the Celestial City lay through the midst of it. Now, this valley is a very solitary place. The prophet Jeremiah thus describes it: "A wilderness, a land of deserts and of pits; a land of drought, and of the shadow of death; a land that no man (but a Christian) passeth through, and where no man dwelt."

Now, here Christian was worse put to it than in his fight with Apollyon: as by the sequel you shall see.

SCENE 20.—DAWN OF DAY OVER THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW
OF DEATH—*Church.*

So he went on, and called to him that was before, but he knew not what to answer, for that he also thought himself to be alone. And by and by the day broke: then said Christian, he hath “turned the shadow of death into the morning.”

Now morning being come, he looked back, not out of desire to return, but to see, by the light of the day, what hazards he had gone through in the dark; so he saw more perfectly the ditch that was on the one hand, and the quag that was on the other; also how narrow the way was which led betwixt them both.

SCENE 21.—A GIANT BEFORE HIS CAVE.

SCENE 22.—EVANGELIST POINTING OUT VANITY FAIR—*Kyle.*

Now, as Christian went on his way, he came to a little ascent, which was cast up on purpose that pilgrims might see before them; up there, therefore, Christian went: and looking forward, he saw Faithful before him upon his journey.

Then I saw in my dream, they went very lovingly on together, and had sweet discourse of all things that had happened to them in their pilgrimage.

Thus they went on, talking of what they had seen by the way, and so made that way easy, which would otherwise, no doubt, have been tedious to them: for now they went through a wilderness.

Now, when they got almost quite out of this wilderness, Faithful chanced to cast his eye back, and espied one coming after them, and he knew him. Oh! said Faithful to his brother, who comes yonder? Then Christian looked, and said, it is my good friend Evangelist. Ay, and my good friend, too, said Faithful. for it was he that set me in the way to the Gate. Now was, Evangelist come up unto them, and thus saluted them, &c.

* * * * *

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity; and at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair. It is kept all the year long: it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where it is kept is lighter than vanity, and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, “all that cometh is vanity.”

SCENE 23.—TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION ENTERING THE TOWN OF VANITY—*May*.

SCENE 24.—CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL PASSING THROUGH THE FAIR—*May*.

Now, these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved; and the town itself, as it were, in a hubbub about them, and that for several reasons:

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair, &c.

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchants was that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity;" and look upwards, signifying that their trade and traffic was in heaven.

SCENE 25. KING OF THE PLACE OFFERS THEM WORDLDLY HONORS—*May, Kyle and Dallas*.

SCENE 26. TRIAL OF CHRISTIAN AND FAITHFUL—*May*.

Now was word presently brought to the great one of the fair who quickly came down, and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned.

SCENE 27. MARTYRDOM OF FAITHFUL—*May and Kyle*.

And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

SCENE 28—FINAL SCENE—*Kyle and Dallas*.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot and a couple of horses waiting for Faithful, who so soon as his adversaries had despatched him, was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate.

PART II.

SCENE 1. CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL MEET BY-ENDS—*Kyle and Dallas.*

But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison; so he there remained for a space. But He that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in His own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them and went his way. And as he went he sang, saying:

Well, Faithful, thou hast faithfully professed,
Unto thy Lord, with whom thou shalt be blest;
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights
Are crying out under their hellish plights;
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

Now I saw in my dream, that Christian went not forth alone; for there was one whose name was Hopeful (being so made by the beholding of Christian and Faithful in their words and behavior in their sufferings at the fair) who joined himself unto him, and, entering into a brotherly covenant, told him that he would be his companion.

So I saw that quickly after they were got out of the fair they overtook one that was going before them, whose name was By-ends.

SCENE 2. DEMAS ENTICES THEM TO THE SILVER MINE—*Kyle and May.*

Then Christian and Hopeful outwent them again, and went till they came at a delicate plain called Ease; where they went with much content; but that place was but narrow, so they were quickly got over it. Now, at the further side of that plain was a little hill, called Lucre, and in that hill a silver mine, which some of them that had formerly gone that way, because of the rarity of it, had turned aside to see; but going too near the brim of the pit, the ground being deceitful under them, broke, and they were slain: some also had been maimed there, and could not to their dying day be their own men again.

Then I saw in my dream that a little off the road over against

the silver mine, stood Demas (gentlemanlike) to call passengers to come and see; who said to Christian and his fellow, ho! turn aside hither, and I will show you a thing.

Then said Hopeful, let us go see.

Not I, said Christian: I have heard of this place before now, and how many have been there slain; and, besides, that treasure is a snare to those that seek it, for it hindereth them in their pilgrimage.

Then Christian called to Demas, saying, is not the place dangerous? Hath it not hindered many in their pilgrimage?

Demas.—Not very dangerous, except to those that are careless. But withal he blushed as he spoke.

SCENE 3. THE PILGRIM'S BEHOLD THE FATE OF LOT'S WIFE—

Kyle and May.

By-ends and silver Demas doth agree;
One calls, the other runs, that he may be
A sharer in his lucre; so these do
Take up in this world, and no further go.

Now I saw, that just on the other side of this plain, the pilgrims came to a place where stood an old monument hard by the highwayside; at the sight of which they were both concerned, because of the strangeness of the form thereof, for it seemed to them as if it had been a woman transformed into the shape of a pillar. Here, therefore, they stood looking and looking upon it, but could not for a time tell what they should make thereof. At last Hopeful espied, written above, upon the head thereof, a writing in an unusual hand; but he, being no scholar, called to Christian (for he was learned) to see if he could pick out the meaning, so he came, and after a little laying of the letters together, he found the same to be this, "Remember Lot's wife."

SCENE 4. THEY APPROACH THE RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE.

Kyle.

SCENE 5. RIVER OF THE WATER OF LIFE—*Cropsey.*

I saw then that they went on their way to a pleasant river, which David the king called the river of God; but John the river of the water of life. Now their way lay just upon the bank of this river; here, therefore, Christian and his companion walked with great delight; they drank also of the water of the river, which was pleasant and enlivening to their weary spirits. Be-

sides, on the banks of this river, on either side, were green trees with all manner of fruit: and the leaves they ate to prevent surfeits, and other diseases that are incident to those that heat their blood by travels. On either side of the river was also a meadow, curiously beautified with lillies: and it was green all the year long. In this meadow they lay down and slept, for here they might lie down safely. When they awoke, they gathered again of the fruit of the trees, and drank again of the water of the river, and then lay down again to sleep. Thus they did several days and nights. Then they sang—

Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort pilgrims by the highway side,
The meadows green, besides their fragrant smell,
Yield dainties for them; and he who can tell
What pleasant fruit, yea, leaves, these trees do yield,
Will soon sell all, that he may buy this field

So when they were disposed to go on (for they were not as yet at their journey's end), they ate, and drank, and departed.

SCENE 6. BY-PATH MEADOWS—*Kyle*.

Now, I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called By-path meadow.—Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our way-side, let us go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see, and behold a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. 'Tis according to my wish, said Christian: here is the easiest going; come, good Hopeful, and let us go over.

SCENE 7. GIANT DESPAIR CATCHES THE PILGRIMS ASLEEP ON HIS GROUNDS—*May and Kyle*.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day break: but being weary, they fell asleep. Now, there was, not far from the place where

they lay, a castle, called Doubting castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping. Wherefore he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in, and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they.

SCENE 8. GIANT DESPAIR VISITS THE PILGRIMS IN THEIR DUNGEON AND ADVISES THEM TO COMMIT SUICIDE—*May.*

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence; so, when he was gone to bed he told his wife what he had done; to-wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best do further with them? So she asked what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counseled him, that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste: then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with a knife, halter, or poison; For why, he said, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometime, in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands. Wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do.

SCENE 9. THE PILGRIMS' ESCAPE—*Paul Duggan.*

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that, he went into the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard; yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but the gate as it opened made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

SCENE 10. THEY ARRIVE AT THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS—*May and Kyle.*

They went then till they came to the Delectable Mountains, which mountains belong to the Lord of the Hill of which we have spoken before; so they went up to the mountains to behold the gardens and orchards, the vineyards, and fountains of water; where also they drank, and washed themselves, and did freely eat of the vineyards. Now, there were on the tops of these mountains shepherds feeding their flocks, and they stood by the high-way side.

SCENE 11. THEY BEHOLD THE FATE OF THOSE WHO HAVE FALLEN FROM THE HILL OF ERROR—*Kyle and Selous.*

Then I saw in my dream, that in the morning the Shepherds called up Christian and Hopeful to walk with them upon the mountains. So they went forth with them, and walked a while, having a pleasant prospect on every side. Then said the Shepherds one to another; Shall we show these pilgrims some wonders? So, when they concluded to do it, they had them first to

the top of a hill, called Error, which was very steep on the farthest side, and bid them look down to the bottom. So Christian and Hopeful looked down, and saw at the bottom several men dashed all to pieces by a fall that they had from the top. Then said Christian, What meaneth this? The Shepherds answered, Have you not heard of them that were made to err, by hearkening to Hymeneus and Philetus, as concerning the faith of the resurrection of the body? They answered, Yes. Then said the Shepherds, Those that you see lie dashed in pieces at the bottom of this mountain are they; and they have continued to this day unburied, as you see, for an example to others, to take heed how they clamber too high; or how they come too near the brink of the mountain.

SCENE 12. THE SHEPHERDS POINT OUT THE GATES OF THE CELESTIAL CITY FROM HILL CLEAR—*Kyle and May.*

By this time the pilgrims had a desire to go forward, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here show the pilgrims the gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our perspective-glass. The pilgrims lovingly accepted the motion: so they had them to the top of a high hill, called Clear, and gave them the glass to look.

SCENE 13. THEY BEHOLD THE FATE OF THE APOSTATE—*Kyle and Selous.*

SCENE 14. ENCHANTED GROUND—*Kyle.*

I then saw in my dream, that they went on until they came into a certain country whose air naturally tended to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger into it. And here Hopeful began to be very dull and heavy to sleep; wherefore he said unto Christian, I do now begin to grow so drowsy that I can scarcely hold open mine eyes; let us lie down here and take one nap.—By no means, said the other; lest, sleeping, we never wake more.

Hope. Why, my brother? Sleep is sweet to the laboring man; we may be refreshed, if we take a nap.

Chr. Do you not remember, that one of the shepherds bid us beware of the Enchanted Ground? He meant by that, that we would beware of sleeping:—"wherefore, let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober."

SCENE 15. LAND OF BEULAH—*Cropsey.*

Now I saw in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground; and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant; the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day: wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven.

SCENE 16. CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL ENTER THE RIVER OF DEATH.—*May.*

Now, I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but no bridge to go over: the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said: You must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate? To which they answered, Yes; but there have not any, save two, to-wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall till the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their minds, and look this way and that; but no way could be found by them, by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and, entering, Christian began to sink, and, crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me. Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not

see before him. To whom also Hopeful added these words, Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, O! I see him again! and he tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian therefore presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow: thus they got over.

PART III.

Representing some of the scenes from the second part of Bunyan's Allegory.

[The second part of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* was written after his liberation from prison. It is not strictly a portion of the story of the progress of "the Pilgrim," but as it is connected by "family ties" at least with the first portion of the Dream, and the incidents in the life of Christiana being as familiar to the public as the adventures of Christian, a few more of the prominent scenes have been selected for representation in the Panorama.]

SCENE 1. MERCY FAINTS AT THE WICKET GATE.—*May.*

Now all this while poor Mercy did stand without, trembling and crying, for fear that she was rejected. But when Christiana had got admittance for herself and her boys, then she began to make intercession for Mercy.

And she said, My Lord, I have a companion of mine that stands yet without, that is come hither upon the same account as myself; one that is much dejected in her mind, for that she comes as she thinks, without sending for; whereas I was sent for by my husband's King to come.

Now Mercy began to be very impatient, and each minute was as long to her as an hour; wherefore she prevented Christiana from a fuller interceding for her, by knocking at the gate herself. And she knocked then so loud, that she made Christiana to start. Then said the keeper of the gate, Who is there? And Christiana said, It is my friend.

So he opened the gate, and looked out, but Mercy was fallen down without in a swoon, for she fainted, and was afraid that no gate should be opened to her.

Then he took her by the hand, and said, Damsel, I bid thee arise.

SCENE 2. CHRISTIANA AND FAMILY AT THE SPRING.—*Dallas and Kyle.*

The Interpreter than called for a man servant of his, one Greatheart, and bid him take a sword, and helmet, and shield; And take these my daughters, said he; conduct them to the house called Beautiful, at which place they will rest next. So he took his weapons, and went before them; and the Interpreter said, God speed.

Thus they went on, till they came to the foot of the hill Difficulty, where again the good Mr. Great-heart took an occasion to tell them what happened there when Christian himself went by. So he had them first to the spring. Lo, said he, this is the spring that Christian drank of before he went up this hill: and then it was clear and good, but now it is dirty with the feet of some, that are not desirous that pilgrims here should quench their thirst. Thereat Mercy said, Why so envious, trow? But said their guide, It will do, if taken up and put into a vessel that is sweet and good; for then the dirt will sink to the bottom, and the water come out by itself more clear. Thus, therefore, Christiana and her companions were compelled to do. They took it up, and put it into an earthen pot, and so let it stand till the dirt was gone to the bottom, and then they drank thereof.

SCENE 3. ENTRANCE TO TEMPLE BEAUTIFUL, AND DEATH OF GIANT GRIM.—*Darley and May.*

When they were come to the place where Mistrust and Timorous met Christian to persuade him to go back for fear of the lions, they perceived as it were a stage, and before it, towards the road, a broad plate, with a copy of verses written thereon; and, underneath, the reason of raising up of that stage in that place rendered. The verses were—

Let him that sees this stage, take heed
Unto his heart and tongue;
Lest, if he do not, here he speed
As some have long ago.

So they went on, till they came within sight of the lions. Now, Mr. Great-heart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion; but yet when they were come up to the place where the lions were, the boys that went before were now glad to cringe behind, for they were afraid of the lions; so they stepped back, and went behind. At this their guide smiled, and said, How now, my boys; do you love to go before when no danger doth approach, and love to come behind so soon as the lions appear.

Now, as they went on. Mr. Great-heart drew his sword, with intent to make a way for the pilgrims in spite of the lions.—Then there appeared one, that it seems had taken upon him o

back the lions; and he said to the pilgrims' guide, What is the cause of your coming hither? Now, the name of that man was Grim, or Bloody-man, because of his slaying of pilgrims: and he was of the race of the giants.

Then said the pilgrims' guide, These women and children are going on pilgrimage; and this is the way they must go; and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.

SCENE 4. PILGRIMS LEAVE THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.—*Kyle and Dallas.*

Now, as they went on, Samuel said to Mr. Great-heart, Sir, I perceive that in this valley my father and Apollyon had their battle; but whereabouts was the fight? for I perceive this valley is large.

Great. Your father had the battle with Appollyon at a place yonder before us, in a narrow passage, just beyond Forgetful Gteen. And, indeed, that place is the most dangerous place in all these parts; for if at any time pilgrims meet with any brunt, it is when they forget what favors they have received, and how unworthy they are of them. This is the place where others have been hard put to it, but more of the place when we are come to it; for I persuade myself, that to this day there remains either some sign of the battle, or some monument to testify that such a battle there was fought.

SCENE 5. THEY LOST THEIR WAY IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.—*Huntington and Kyle.*

When they had passed by this place, they came upon the borders of the Shadow of Death, and this valley was longer than the other, a place also most strangely haunted with evil things, as many are able to testify; but these women and children went the better through it, because they had daylight, and because Mr. Great-heart was their conductor.

SCENE 5. LAND OF BEULAH.—*Kyle.*

After this, I beheld until they were come into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day. Here, because they were weary, they betook themselves to rest.

SCENE 7. CHRISTIANA PARTS WITH HER CHILDREN.—*May.*

Now while they lay here, and waited for the good hour, there was a noise in the town that there was a post come from the Celestial City, with matter of great importance to one Christiana, the wife of Christian the pilgrim. So inquiry was made for her, the house was found out where she was. So the post presented her with a letter. The contents were, Hail, good woman; I

bring thee tidings that the Master calleth for thee, and expects that thou shouldst stand in his presence in clothes of immortality within these ten days.

When he had read this letter to her he gave therewith a sure token, that he was a true messenger, and was come to bid her make haste to be gone. The token was an arrow with a point sharpened with love let easily into her heart, which by degrees wrought so effectually with her, that at the time appointed she must be gone.

When Christiana saw that her time was come, and that she was the first of this company that was to go over, she called for Mr. Great-heart, her guide, and told him how matters were. So he told her he was heartily glad of the news, and could have been glad had the post come for him. Then she bid him that he should give advice how all things should be prepared for the journey. So he told her saying, thus and thus it must be, and we that survive will accompany you to the river side.

Then she called for her children, and gave them her blessings, and told them that she had read with comfort the mark that was set in their foreheads, and was glad to see them with her there, and that they had kept their garments so white. Lastly, she bequeathed to the poor the little she had, and commanded her sons and daughters to be ready against the messenger should come for them.

SCENE 8. CHRISTIANA CROSSES THE RIVER OF DEATH.—*Kyle and Dallas.*

SCENE 9. ARRIVAL AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE CELESTIAL CITY.
Kyle and Dallas.

Now the day drew on that Christiana must be gone. So the road was full of people to see her take her journey. But, behold, all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots which were come down from above to accompany her to the city gate. So she came forth, and entered the river, with a beckon of farewell to those that followed her. The last words that she was heard to say, were, I come, Lord, to be with thee, and bless thee! So her children and friends returned to their place, for those that waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went and called, and entered in at the gate with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her. At her departure, the children wept. But Mr. Great-heart and Mr. Valiant played upon the well-tuned cymbal and harp for joy. So all departed to their respective places.

THE BUNYAN TABLEAUX.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

The Panorama of Pilgrim's Progress affords an evening's entertainment which we can heartily recommend to our readers. Those who have "little men and women" to instruct, will find it an excellent means of obtaining both for them, and even they, "the children of a larger growth," can hardly fail to see it with both pleasure and profit. The popularity of Bunyan's work is almost without a parallel. Written by one of the most obscure and unlearned of men, it existed through many years, unknown to the literary world, yet continually re-printed to satisfy the unceasing demand for it among the lower classes, by whom it was regarded with a love and veneration only inferior to that they bore to the Bible itself. The attention of the world of letters once attracted to it, it rose instantly to classic rank, and has for nearly a hundred years maintained a position, second only, if at all, to the greatest creations in the language. Its great narrative and descriptive power has made it a store-house of themes for the painter, and it has recently been published copiously and elegantly illustrated, and with a carefully collated text, by Bogue, in London, and Putnam in New York. The design of putting its principal scenes upon moving canvas was a good one, and its execution is creditable to Mr. May, one of the most favorably known among our younger artists. We heard a boy who had read the fascinating tale once a week for every year of his short life, wish that he could "dream Pilgrim's Progress." The Panorama would have satisfied his longing, for there the whole of poor Christian's journey is from the Wicket Gate to the Gate of the Celestial City,—Apollyon, Giant Despair, Vanity Fair, and all.—[*Courier and Enquirer*.]

Panorama of the Pilgrim's Progress.—The scenes and incidents in the memorable life and journey of Bunyan's Pilgrim to the Celestial City, are beautifully depicted in this well executed panorama at 598 Broadway. The moving canvas, like life's panorama gives the mind a deep and solemn impressiveness of the great drama of man's pilgrimage through this world. Many of the paintings are well conceived and beautifully drawn. The whole is well worth seeing, both for its artistic merit and its salutary influence on the mind.—[*Evangelist*.]

Panorama of the Pilgrim's Progress.—The attempt to paint a panorama of so purely ideal a subject as the allegory of Pilgrim's Progress, savors somewhat of temerity, and we visited it with much misgiving about the success of the artist. We were, however, very agreeably surprised at the justness of the designs generally, and at the excellence of the painting throughout. The reader may be assured that a visit to the panorama will afford high gratification. With reference to the designs we conceive the Palace Beautiful, Delectable Mountains, City of Vanity, Vanity Fair, passage of the River of Death, scenes in the Land of Beulah, Christiana parting from her family, and the Gate of the Celestial City, to be among the best. The last two are exceedingly beautiful paintings. We were perhaps least pleased with the design of Pilgrim ascending the "Hill Difficulty." It is too much like a hunter climbing rocks. Yet even there the scenery is beautiful. The whole panorama is a pleasing novelty and richly deserves patronage.—[*Commercial Advertiser*.]

Pilgrim's Progress in Paint.—A panorama of the great allegory of Bunyan was exhibited for the first time last night, before a large and admiring audience. The first scene represents John Bunyan Dreaming, in the midst of a misty circle of light clouds, and is remarkably well executed. The repose of the sleeper, as well as the accessories, are represented with a marked fidelity to nature. The other scenes, of which there is about sixty in number, are painted with no small degree of taste, and the whole work is admirably calculated to give a grand conception of the imperishable book of the old tinker. This opens a new Era, we should think, in the history of panorama painting, which may be productive of the greatest benefit. The public, too much shut out from the enjoyment of the pleasures of travel as well as of books, will get both, in a modified form, through the instrumentalities of art. We would recommend this fine work to the attention of families and schools as an entertainment which they will find at once instructive and pleasing.—[*Evening Post*, November 12.]

Panorama of Pilgrim's Progress.—A new and easy mode by which a sweet book may get to the brain—and get there with music and pleasure, and without leaf-turning and study—is one of the new inventions of this labor-saving time. "Pilgrim's Progress," in a continuous picture, and passing before the eye like a dream, to the low soft melody of an instrument appropriately played, is the novelty we refer to—a more improving luxury could not possibly have been thought of. The whole spirit and meaning of that charming book of Bunyan's is given in an admirable series of paintings, and parts of them are well worth studying as lessons in the art. The "Palace Beautiful," the "views of the Delectable Mountains," "Vanity Fair,"

"Celestial City in the distance," "Mercy fainting at the Wicket Gate," the "Land of Beulah," and others are truly admirable. To go in, after a weary day, and sit down quietly to absorb this panorama and its thought-awakening moral, is worth every man's while. The exhibition is at 598 Broadway.—[*Home Journal*.]

The finest, in an artistic sense, and probably the most remarkable and original exhibition of a panoramic character ever produced in this city, will be thrown open to the public to-night, at Washington Hall, 598 Broadway. It is a representation of the Pilgrim's Progress, after Bunyan's allegory, from the pencils of some of our first American painters. Among the scenes represented are the Wicket Gate, the Castle of the Giant Despair, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and the Celestial City. All who as children have read and devoutly believed the beautiful story of Christian's Pilgrimage, will be interested in its representation.—[*Tribune*, Nov. 11.]

The Panorama of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, now on exhibition at Washington Hall, 598 Broadway, is beyond exception the finest work of art ever produced in this country.—[*Picayune*.]

Panorama of the Pilgrim's Progress.—Through the courtesy of Mr. MAY and his brother artists, we formed one of the company invited to be present at the first exhibition of this work. It consists of three parts. The first opens with Bunyan's dreaming, and closes with the execution of Faithful. In the second, By-ends, Money-Love, and Fair Speech meet the Pilgrims, and it terminates with their entering the River of Death. The third part represents scenes from the second part of Bunyan's work—Great-heart, with Christiana and her family, at the Spring—the passage through the Valley of the Shadow of Death—the Land of Beulah, and the journey onward to the gate of the Celestial City. Seldom, if ever, have we viewed an effort of art of this kind with greater delight and satisfaction. The scenes of the glorious dreamer are most happily conceived, and have been transferred to the canvas with a spirit and truthfulness which every lover of Bunyan must appreciate, presenting to him a succession, not of daubings, but of beautifully executed paintings. It is said that upwards of ten thousand dollars have been expended on a work which will command, we venture to predict, a large share of public patronage.—[*Protestant Churchman*.]

The Pilgrim Panorama.—With a large number of the clergy of the city of New York, and our brethren of the press, we had the pleasure, a few evenings since, of seeing the opening of a new and beautiful panorama. It represents the Pilgrim's progress of Bunyan,

on a thousand feet of canvas, with all the most striking scenes of the wonderful story portrayed with masterly skill and effect. We had not supposed that the dramatic nature of the story was susceptible of such delineation to the eye; but as the various scenes, Christian with his bundle, at the palace Beautiful, at the Cross, fighting with Apollyon, the Delectable Mountains, the interview with the Shepherds, the land of Beulah, the River of the Water of Life, and many more that we have not time to mention, successively came into view, we were delighted with the skill of the artists and the moral effect of the exhibition. The success of this exhibition cannot be a matter of doubt. All the admirers of the Pilgrim's Progress (and who are not?) all the admirers of beautiful pictures (and who are not?) should by no means fail of seeing this. Families and Sabbath schools, pastors and people, young and old, will admire it, and derive real gratification and improvement from its study. We express the general impression of all who saw it with us, that it is in a high degree creditable to the artists, and to those under whose agency it has been brought out.—[*Presbyterian*.]

New Things of Old.—On Thursday evening, Nov. 7, we numbered one of a spell-bound audience, who realized, as in a vivid dream, the perils and allurements through which the "Pilgrim of Progress" safely passes. The allegory of Bunyan, which delighted our childhood with its imagery, rivaling the Arabian Nights in its fascinations, was presented in a masterly manner in Panoramic view. It was introduced with a few remarks, in substance that the story was not to be spoken, but to be re-read by the audience in connected and suggestive picture. We envied the Sleeper, who lay like one unwearied but stretched upon the sod in revery, as if closing his eyes upon the lovely scene around to gaze with mental vision. Then in rapid succession, as if the artist feared to trust even the partial eye of friends, the first part was passed in view: there was the cot and the loved ones calling, and the earth teeming with delights, but the Pilgrim's eye rested on warning words, bidding him escape for life; taking a way he knows not, he soon desponds: a friendly hand raises him from the mire; he has a terrible journey through Humiliation and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, so that we feel inclined to take comfort with him in the House Beautiful. David was the only man who could fight best without armor. The sister Virtues clothe Christian in mail, and henceforth he appears a knight of the Cross. The peaceful path discovered by Penn was to him unknown, and well for him that his armor had been assayed ere he met his dread enemy Apollyon; nor can he trust altogether to his own shield with such an adversary. We slept with him in the arbor as one claims rest after hard toil. In passing Vanity Fair we saw many familiar scenes, and remembering that only one Man had resisted the glory of the World, we were lost in the meaning of the Allegory when the Pilgrim was solicited with earthly crowns: again the world is rejected, and now, more hopeful,

he delights in contemplating with Shepherds the Eternal City; then along a beautiful river of calm life the route is seen, perennial flowers and fruits strewn around. Anon choring Cherubim attend, encircling a chariot which is to carry him on high. Thus far we thought and wrote, and found that we were but half way through the subject—enough, however, to convince, that description is not desirable for any who can go and see for themselves. Job was eyes to the blind, but such have passed away, and if alive would not meet encouragement in this universally enlightened nation. We cannot forbear praising the skill which has linked such beauties of landscape and architecture where the gorgeous is exquisitely managed, and the sight charmed with harmonious coloring and graceful forms. We are glad to find an entertainment altogether unexceptionable, pleasing alike to child and man, and vote a hearty resolution of thanks to the able artists whose work is now exhibiting, and wish them the success so highly merited.—[*Churchman*, Nov. 14.]

A Remarkable Panorama — We are somewhat chary of our praises of the thousand and one exhibitions in this branch of art, with which town and country have been inundated since Mr. Banvard first conceived the idea of painting by the acre, and unrolled the long lengths of the Mississippi to our astonished gaze. But we must do justice to a series of illustrations of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," which are now open to the public at 598 Broadway. The artist preserves an *incognito*; but we, nevertheless, beg to testify the surprise and pleasure with which we have seen his bold imaginings and his masterly execution, in sketching some of the scenes and incidents of Bunyan's immortal book. Alternately, or rather as the text dictates, we have the beautiful and the terrible in landscape, the horribly grotesque and delicately spiritualized in form and figure—Christian and Giant Despair—the Delectable Mountains, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Those who like strong sensations are advised to turn aside from the Vanity Fair of Broadway, and spend an hour with this admirably illustrated edition of one of the chiefest of English authors. If neither their artistic taste be gratified, nor their religious impulses be quickened, they will at least be assisting to pay for a laborious and spirited work.—[*Albion*, Nov. 14.]

The Panorama of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, now on exhibition nightly, is attracting much attention. It is a work of decided merit, on which the pencils of several artists of distinguished abilities have been long and diligently engaged. It is instructive and entertaining in a high degree, and the moral effect of such an exhibition cannot fail of being exceedingly happy. The painting is descriptive of Bunyan's beautiful allegory in which hideous monsters, angelic forms, yawning abysses, with bottoms strewn with human bones, enchanting scenery, palaces, and craggy rocks, all perform their part in marking the ever-changing progress of the burdened pilgrim.—[*Journal of Commerce*, Nov. 20.]

☞ We take such an exhibition as that recently opened of the panoramic painting of the Pilgrim's Progress, as one of the best signs of the times. Its predecessors were, with whatever other merit, all in the commonest spirit of appeal to idle curiosity, and gratification for desire of a little every day information with regard to the physical peculiarities of the Mississippi River, Cuba and California. While the public, perhaps, fancied that they were encouraging the fine arts, and cultivating a love of pictures, they were no more than so many open-eyed travelers or tourists with their heads out of the railroad car, or strolling on the upper deck of a high pressure steamboat. In the Pilgrim's Progress they are doing something else, and something we fancy, in rather a worthier spirit. They are giving a little scope to the imagination—some indulgence to that love of human nature, which lies rather deeper than the visible rocks, trees, rivers and gold mines. In a higher spirit, to, have the artists executed their share of the common duty. They have had faith in an improved apprehension and intelligence in their audience. They have conceived and painted as if imagination were not altogether extinct. They have taken for a subject a work which had its origin in a poetical genius, and and wherever it has gone for many generations, has kept alive, among the readers of the English tongue, the gladness and life of that great faculty by which we are alone empowered to have faith in the glories of an unseen heaven which is to come. For this generous gift to better art, we are indebted to the two painters, Messrs. May and Kyle; who have in general shown themselves equal to the undertaking. The chief figures, which we understand are from the hand of Mr. May, denoting in their selection, attitudes, and spirit, a fine sympathy with the author: while there is something strange, unearthly, and wondrous in the landscapes to approve Mr. Kyle among the foremost painters in that department. We are unable to particularise: as almost every length of canvass has something express and admirable on which we might dwell: as we could also on that glorious Giant Despair, struggling in the sunlight, contributed by Mr. Duggan, one or two massive conceptions of Darley's the Mercy's dream of Huntington: a design by Church, another by Cropsy, and a successful composition by Mr. Dallas of Philadelphia. We might object to an excess of gaudy color, particularly towards the close of the series and to a want of softness in an occasional scene—but we are safe in pronouncing the entire exhibition a Happy novelty, a Story in Color, delightfully told, and almost, if not quite, as well worth listening to in its steady flow of pictorial eloquence as Henry Clay in the Senate Chamber, or Jenny Lind at Tripler Hall.] *Literary World*.

The following is from the pen of Mrs. Ellet, one of the most accomplished of our female writers:

IMPROMPTU SONNET.

On seeing the panorama of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.

Those mystic scenes with deepest meaning fraught,
 By Genius imaged in his hour of might—
 A frame-work each for high and earnest thought—
 Here live and move before the wondering sight!
 The walk by self-denying holy Faith,
 With sin and hell—the stern, victorious strife,
 The solemn entrance at the Gate of Death,
 The pathway leading to Immortal Life,—
 All pictured here, do shadow truth sublime;
 Truth to be hid and cherished in the heart
 Through every period of Earth's changeful time;
 Oh, happy Union! where the Painter's art
 To Poetry its powerfull aid has given
 To bid us hear the message sent from Heaven!

THE BUNYAN TABLEAUX.—Much has been said, and hardly too much can be said, in commendation of the Bunyan Tableaux; but the merits of Mr. Greenwood the lecturer have been (though not designedly) overlooked. I presume there are few to equal, and none to exceed him in the happy talent of description and rehearsal; by which so many have listened with attention, gazed with pleasure, and we doubt not have profited by this exhibition. The artists having done faithfully their part; the lecturer has not been deficient; and although a large audience may be more desirable, he cannot be ignorant of his own abilities to attract and interest them, for which he should share in both the profit and the praise.—[*South Carolinian*.]

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—The exhibition of the glorious Dreamer's allegory was enjoyed at Hibernian Hall on Saturday afternoon; and the pleasure of witnessing it was enlarged by the presence of about 130 of the Orphan House children, with their shining, happy faces. They were there, it is understood, by Mr. Greenwood's invitation. By his peculiarly happy manner he drew the eager attention of his little guests to the truths which the "Progress" is intended to illustrate; and in a feeling and encouraging address shewed them by reference to his own history, that God is indeed the Father and the Friend of the Orphan. On the whole it was a pleasant re-union, at which memory rekindled the star which blazed in the youthful breast of one who is now an old man.—[*Charleston Courier*.]

We would heartily recommend at least one visit to the beautiful Bunyan Tableaux of the "Pilgrim's Progress," now on exhibition every night at Odd Fellows' Hall. On Saturday night we sat by an

excellent artist, and we thoroughly concurred with him in his high commendation of this splendid work of art. Taken as a whole, it is by far the finest Panorama ever exhibited here. No one can see it without being astonished at the wonderful conceptions of genius, and without having his heart elevated by the moral beauty of the pictures. Mr. Greenwood, the gentlemanly exhibitor, describes the various striking points on the glowing canvas, with unaffected emphasis, clearness and good taste.—*Richmond Enquirer*, Dec. 5th, 1853.

We witnessed last evening, for the first time, the *Bunyan Tableaux*, now on exhibition at Hibernian Hall, and were gratified to find the scenic beauties therein displayed had attracted a very large auditory, the most of whom were ladies. It affords us pleasure, at all times, to notice that the ladies take a *lively interest* in the *Fine Arts*. It is a subject not only suited to their delicate taste, but is well calculated to inspire in their minds an ambitious desire to wield, with eminence, the artistic pencil. Those who are already in the study of this art, will find great advantage from a single visit; while citizens generally will see much to admire and approve.

The above magnificent painting was executed by the combined talents of *ten* distinguished artists; among whom may be mentioned Huntington, Cropsey, May, Darley, Duggan, Kyle, Dallas, Church, whose eminent ability requires no panegyric at our hands.

The talented manager, Mr. Greenwood, will lecture during the movement of the Panorama and clearly explain the full idea and design of those eminent artists in their efforts to present to the world the *Pilgrim's Progress*.—[Com.]



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Bethold, I saw a man clothed with rags, &c. — Scene Second.